

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

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Review of New Books.

The New Prophetic Almanack for 1821. pp. 48. London, 1820.

WERE we to write for a month, we could not present so fine a specimen of title-page set-off as this work has exhibited. We prefer, for this reason, extracting it verbatim, and our readers must imagine to themselves the effect of the contrast of black and red letter with the greatest variety of type we ever remember to have seen:—

‘Herein the aspect of the heavens learn,
And of the times, the mystic signs discern.

‘The Authentic and Intelligible Almanack; or, Annual Abstract of Celestial Lore: calculated from the Era of Human Redemption, for the Year 1821; the first after Leap Year, the second after the Reign of His Majesty George IV. Which, besides registering and explaining the Periodical Phenomena of the Heavens, and the ominous tendency of particular Configurations of the Planets, contains salutary Precepts and Comments on the same: with Prognostications of the Weather throughout the whole Year; including, also, Curious Original Legends; Dissertations. Philosophical, Political, Biographical, Theological, Moral, Descriptive, and general. The whole being calculated to prepare Mankind for the Coming of Christ's Kingdom on Earth. From the Manuscript of Sir Willon Lilly Brahm, K. T. R., Humanist.’

Must we proceed further, to the foot of the page, and give printer, publishers, and price?—We leave these for the edification of the purchaser, and turn over for the fulfilment of this most elaborate analysis; and, after a few, not very elegant explanations, we are faithfully informed this offspring of fertile genius was entered at Stationers' Hall, Dec. 20, 1820. Now we behold a closely-printed subject ‘concerning the Author, his devoirs, memoirs, sa-voirs, and so forth.’—So forth we hasten for our selections; for, out of 48 pages, 20 are filled with this prose, with the exception of a horoscope for the nativity of Sir W. L. B.—K. T. R. and the following lines, of a satirical character, alluding to the Almanack Maker and his boy:—

‘What does he know? Not Jupiter from Mars—
Not planets even from the common stars,—
A circle from a square—not plus from minus!
‘Sdeath,—if busy rumour should combine us!
Me, with a cur so terrible to mutton;
I never gorges till oblig'd t' unbutton!
What, will you leave me thus, Castalian miss?
Alone—and friends—and not one farewell kiss?
O! don't do that; O, don't—I have a wife,—
I only meant a kiss, upon my life;
I wouldn't for the world—there—good bye, muse,
Let's hope we mayn't get quizz'd in the reviews.’

We cannot think how the author of such doggrel could expect any thing beyond quizzing, when he, as a married man, sues the lips of a Muse who, it is very clear, turned

away from his solicitations. But, though he may quiz the reviews, which is the drift of his satire, yet let him take care of the gentlemen at the commons, who review *characters* more than *books*. These last are our prerogative, and we confess seriously, that Mr. Brahm's ‘Biographical Legend’ is a curious production. Much of it is, unfortunately for us, either theological or political; therefore, we will dip into those passages which are quite free from the leading topics of the day.

Our author's origin and ancestry are thus introduced.

Having unfortunately missed a scrap of the genealogical chronicle, I find it difficult to trace from this authentic source, my pedigree, in the male line, higher than 63 generations; a date corresponding, according to accurate chronological computation, with about the 15th year preceding that lamentable era, when the happy and social villages of our good forefathers were plundered, and their altars purloined, by those Roman marauders, led hither by the spoiler Cæsar. It is scarcely possible to temper one's feelings so as to allude to that unprovoked incursion in patient, or less than vindictive terms. Magnanim Llynlle, a princely Druid of worthy memory and Scythian origin, from whom, in a direct chain of consanguinity, your most respectful Sir W. L. B. is the 63rd link; after, as it is recorded, his ancestors and himself had for nearly 15 peaceful centuries cultivated their little patrimonial *fundus**, until it seemed that incantation in the wilderness at work had been some Eden for a Persian caliph to prepare, was forced to have recourse to arms, in order to secure, as he hoped, his green arcades, his garden luxuries, his dear *vill*†, and the treasures it contained, from the predatory invaders. It was, perhaps, well for the Britons, that fate, some ages before, had conducted to their island an alien crew, who understood something of the art and the practice of war.—A small remnant of gallant Trojans, who, after the demolition of their noble city, committed themselves in a shattered skiff to the mercy of Providence and the billows, was, in one of the extraordinary auspices of fortune, drifted to these hospitable shores. Though shoeless, tattered, and without *one halfpenny* in their pockets, these comrades of the valiant Hector were welcomed to the land of benevolence and freedom. Nourishment was copiously supplied, and those parts which seemed to lack the necessary concealment, were soon decently and comfortably obscured in mystical drapery, freely supplied from the druidical wardrobes; all which has been since most faithfully recorded by the late learned and venerable Master Geoffery, of Monmouth.

We now come to an interesting passage of pride and conquest:—

‘Cæsar then offered permission to Magnanim to retire with his family to a remote part of the island, promising not to molest him, provided he should never again be found in arms against the Romans. To purchase the safety and preserve the inviolate honour of his children, seemed, at such a destitute moment, to be all that human lot required. To the terms proposed, hard and unjust as they were, he stood not to demur, but cheered by tenderest arts, and lively consolation

* ‘Plot of land, or manor.’

† A beautiful Cockneyism!—REV.

his little mournful tribe, as from the trellis-doorway through the dear winding bower, they, with swollen eyelids and with lingering feet, depart to seek the last resort where freedom still her faithful fugitives on uninfested wolds a few caressed. At the melancholy scene, even the stoic-bosomed tyrant sighed and asked the afflicted train to have a little *nummus**, at the same time offering a pouch, containing some *asses*† and *besses*‡. Magnanim mutely bowed and shook his head, disdainful of the boon; and when the Roman urged a parting *manus*§, sternly he said, "My hand of friendship is my heart's best pledge,—to mock with it were sin; betwixt a friend and a forgiven foe there must be odds; all, sir, man owes to man, Magnanim gives—forgiveness." With the last word toward some other house he faced, and sped his way; a weeping beauty, from whose vernal cheek sorrow had sapped the rose, leant on each arm,—followed, a noble hearted swain, his only son. Still, still one mournful rite was yet unpaid: Glaslanlich, distant an hour's journey on their way,—a spot, by that alone which seems alone the earth to hallow, sacred made and secretly adored,—a green sod tumulus that held the last of her whose bosom 30 happy years had been his pillow; had, too, that sweet fount, from which the infant lips, that now were grown to kiss the tear of sorrow from his cheek, had drawn nutritious streams. The heightening palpitations, as nearer to the solemn spot the footsteps draw,—the awe-bound sound and paralyzed voice,—the thousand thousand thousand blisses buried there that rise again to flicker round the mind,—the pious wish to taste with her he loved the peace within,—the writhing heart rent with the struggles of a last farewell,—these need the tender soul in words be told. To the insensate apathetic churl, let the fool tell his tale.'

We would willingly proceed with this narrative, but for the interposition of other duties which we have to discharge, and Mr. Brahm would not thank us for making so free with *three shillings and sixpence*. Yet one or two more scraps, and we will be satisfied.—This extract concerns the claims of the Cockney dialect to antiquity:—

'It was in the liberal administration of this prerogative, that one of the ancient Brahmins was installed, "*Windex* of Truth and Reason," an order of nobility altogether civil; but which, the world having been so metamorphosed by warfare, has been entirely abolished, and a military distinction, called knighthood, substituted. It appears that Belinge, one of the very primitive elders, elected to the royal dignity, first instituted the honourable order of "*Windex*," which I humbly conceive is that of *Vindex*; and, if so, is no small argument in favour of that pronunciation still pertinaciously adhered to about London, where the initial *w*, in spite of the caprice of fashion, is constantly used for *v*, and *vice versa*. It may be satisfactory to some readers to be informed, that the worthy and well-beloved monarch, Belinge, just before mentioned, had a most delightful place and domain upon the northern bank of the Thames, contiguous to that site which has since been converted into a fish quay, still, however, preserving the memory of its ancient possessor in its name,—Beling's Gate, or Billingsgate. It is not impossible but some wits may be inclined to sport a *pun*, by observing, that as the *gate* is gone, and only the *key* remaining, it ought to be called *Belinge's Key*.'

In fine, this 'Legend' is full of historical interest, and the author has interspersed much lively writing with his learned authorities, which are superabundant, and cannot fail to satisfy any one but that he is really a descendant of the Druidical priesthood. Lord Byron has a few slaps, for domestic grievances we suppose. Lady Morgan, too, is satirised for her belief in every thing the French were pleased to tell her. What his Lordship and her Ladyship

* 'Money of any kind.

† Roman coin, value a farthing.

‡ *Ibid.* value a halfpenny.

§ Hand, or palm.'

have done to offend an Almanack-maker, we know not; we do not, however, approve of their being mentioned.

The usual calculations and *et cæteras* are to be found in this Almanack. There is an article in each month for 'Hinds;' another in prose for speculators, with verses which are of a higher order than Moore's, denominated 'Timely Warnings and Wholesome Precepts.'—May they prove salutary to the credulous! A doggerel poem of twelve verses closes 'the year's sad eventful history,' entitled 'The dominion of the Moon;' and it certainly offers the public a different version to either Poor Robin, who said,—

'When it rains or when 'tis dry,
You will know as well as I,'

or the late Henry Andrews, who linked the twelve signs of the Zodiac in twelve lines. But, notwithstanding Mr. Brahm recommends 'Doctors in Physic,' and his readers generally, to study health from his prescriptions, yet we will not quote a single stanza, because they have neither claims to ingenuity nor common delicacy. They, in short, fully demonstrate what Lord Byron has attributed to the moon, and would make the 'brazen' lady blush through her thickest coats of rouge.

The Literary Pocket Book. pp. 204. London, 1821.

FROM the great number and variety of Pocket Books which are published annually, we should select 'The Literary Pocket Book,' and we are sure that our literary readers would commend our choice. This little manual is valuable to every poet, painter, musician, and lover of the fine arts; inasmuch as it gives him a sketch of the choice spirits who have knelt to genius, and who still hover round our earthly tenements and enchant us with subjects highly superior to the grovelling attractions of wealth. The information which this book contains of eminent characters is useful and fairly correct. Parts of the prose and also the poetry, strongly resemble the writings of Mr. Leigh Hunt, whom we suspect to be the editor; but, however this may be, whether the production of one hand or many,—we are delighted at every advance we make, from alpha to omega—the beginning to the end. Many sweet poems are here inserted, some of which are translations from the Greek; one from Catullus; and one from Tasso. The subject of this is addressed, 'To a Laurel upon his Lady's hair,' which, for its brevity, we transcribe:—

'O glad triumphal bough,
That now adornest conquering chiefs, and now
Clippest the brows of over-ruling kings;
From victory to victory
Thus climbing on, through all the heights of story,
From worth to worth, and glory unto glory;
To finish all, O gentle and royal tree,
Thou reignest now upon that flourishing head,
At whose triumphant eyes, love and our souls are led.'

The 'Zenith Moon' would form a fine contrast to Mr. Brahm's *beautiful* poem dedicated to the 'Queen of the blue sky,' but it is too long for our pages. We take one stanza for example:—

'Star of the restless! when the whirl
Of giddier hours had wing'd their flight,
And like a maid on her nuptial night,
Thy brow was crescented with pearl,

To me thy smile hath been a boon ;
For thou canst tell, and thou alone,
What waking nights these eyes have known,
With thee, the Zenith Moon.'

Power. (From the Greek.)

'I'll tell thee, Gorgias, who excels in power ;
He that can bear the greatest load of injuries.'

Calumny. (Ibid.)

'He who gives ready gape to calumny,
Shews that he either practises what he credits,
Or has the veriest swallow of a child.'

Song on a faded Violet.

'The odour from the flower is gone
Which, like thy kisses, breath'd on me ;
The colour from the flower is flown
Which glowed of thee and only thee !

A shrivelled, lifeless, vacant form,
It lies on my abandoned breast,
And mocks the heart, which yet is warm,
With cold and silent rest.

I weep—my tears revive it not !
I sigh—it breathes no more on me !
Its mute and uncomplaining lot
Is such as mine should be.'

Goods of Life.—'The greatest pleasure of life is love ; the greatest treasure is contentment ; the greatest possession is health ; the greatest ease is sleep ; and the greatest medicine is a true friend.' *Sir William Temple.*

We will only add, that this is the third year of the 'Literary Pocket Book,' and it has regularly improved.

Recollections and Reflections, Personal and Political, as connected with Public Affairs during the Reign of George III. By John Nichols, Esq. 8vo. pp. 408. London, 1820.

THE man who mixes in public life, must be a very inattentive observer, if, in the course of 76 years, (the age of Mr. Nichols,) he does not gleam much that is interesting and worthy of being remembered. Party politics, however, often come in the way, and render such recollections tainted by the most violent prejudices. This is in some degree the case with Mr. Nichols, not so much against particular individuals, but against every person holding a high official situation. Though an avowed disciple of Charles Fox, he is no friend to Mr. Burke, and animadverts in strong terms on the Whigs in general, who, he says, forced Pitt into a war with France at the commencement of the revolution. Many of Mr. N.'s reflections on parties and on political affairs, are just, and his estimate of public men, though somewhat severe, is often founded in truth. But, as political subjects are no favourites with us, we shall quote two or three of the anecdotes, of the most general interest to our readers. Of the first rise in life of the celebrated Edmund Burke, Mr. N. gives the following notice :—

'At the time when Burke was selected to be the private secretary to the Marquis of Rockingham, he was an author in the service of Mr. Dodsley, the bookseller ; he had conducted for that gentleman the Annual Register, a work of considerable reputation and merit, first established in the year 1758 ; and I believe it was conducted under the direction of Mr. Burke up to a very late period of his life. The political knowledge of Mr. Burke might be considered almost as an Encyclopædia ; every man who approached him received in-

struction from his stores ; and his failings (for failings he had) were not visible at that time ; perhaps they did not then exist ; perhaps they grew up in the progress of his political life. When Mr. Burke entered into the service of the Marquis of Rockingham, he was not rich, but the munificent generosity of that nobleman immediately placed him in an affluent situation. Mr. Burke purchased a beautiful villa, at Beaconsfield, which was paid for by the Marquis of Rockingham. When Dr. Johnson, who, like Mr. Burke, had subsisted by his labours as an author, visited his friend at his new purchase, he could not help exclaiming with the shepherd in Virgil's Eclogue,—

'Non equidem invideo, miror magis.'

It is well known that the late Sir Philip Francis took a very active part against his friend Warren Hastings, with whom he had served in India, although he was not appointed one of the managers of the impeachment, on the ground of his having formerly fought a duel with Mr. Hastings. From the following anecdote, it would appear that the hostility of Sir Philip (then Mr.) Francis was rather of a personal than a political nature :—

'Mr. Francis was a man of considerable abilities. He was a very superior classical scholar ; and he was capable of laborious application. Strong resentment was a leading feature in his character. I have heard him avow this sentiment more openly and more explicitly than I ever heard any other man avow it in the whole course of my life. I have heard him say publicly in the House of Commons, "Sir Elijah Impey is not fit to sit in judgment on any matter where I am interested, nor am I fit to sit in judgment on him." A relation of the ground of this ill-will may be amusing. Mrs. Le Grand, the wife of a gentleman in the civil service, in Bengal, was admired for her beauty, for the sweetness of her temper, and for her fascinating accomplishments. She attracted the attention of Mr. Francis. This gentleman, by means of a rope-ladder, got into her apartment in the night. After he had remained there about three quarters of an hour, there was an alarm ; and Mr. Francis came down from the lady's apartment by the rope-ladder, at the foot of which he was seized by Mr. Le Grand's servants. An action was brought by Mr. Le Grand against Mr. Francis, in the supreme court of justice in Calcutta. The judges in that court assess the damages in civil actions, without the intervention of a jury. The gentlemen who at this time filled this situation, were Sir Elijah Impey, chief justice, Sir Robert Chambers, and Mr. Justice Hyde. I was intimate with the first and the third from early life, having lived with them on the western circuit. On the trial of this cause, Sir Robert Chambers thought, that as no criminality had been proved, no damages should be given. But he afterwards proposed to give 30,000 rupees, which are worth about 3000 pounds sterling. Mr. Justice Hyde was for giving 100,000 rupees. I believe that Mr. Justice Hyde was as upright a judge as ever sat on any bench ; but he had an implacable hatred to those who indulged in the crime imputed to Mr. Francis. Sir Elijah Impey was of opinion, that although no criminal intercourse had been proved, yet that the wrong done by Mr. Francis to Mr. Le Grand, in entering the wife's apartment in the night, and thereby destroying her reputation, ought to be compensated with liberal damages. He thought the sum of 30,000 rupees, proposed by Sir Robert Chambers, too small ; and that proposed by Mr. Hyde, of 100,000, too large. He, therefore, suggested a middle course, of 50,000 rupees. This proposal was acquiesced in by his two colleagues. When Sir Elijah Impey was delivering the judgment of the court, my late friend, Mr. Justice Hyde, could not conceal his eager zeal on the subject ; and when Sir Elijah Impey named the sum of 50,000 rupees, Mr. Justice Hyde, to the amusement of the bystanders, called out, "Siccas, brother Impey ;" which are worth eleven per cent. more than the current rupees. Perhaps this story may not be thought worthy of relation ; but it gave occasion to that an-

mosity which Mr. Francis publicly avowed against Sir Elijah Impey; and the criminal charge afterwards brought against him in the House of Commons, was the off-spring of that animosity. I will follow up this anecdote by mentioning the consequences of the action brought by Mr. Le Grand. The lady was divorced: she was obliged to throw herself under the protection of Mr. Francis for subsistence. After a short time she left him, and went to England. In London, she fell into the company of M. Talleyrand Perigord. Captivated by her charms, he prevailed on her to accompany him to Paris, where he married her; and thus the insult, which this lady received from Mr. Francis, and the loss of reputation, which was, perhaps unjustly, the consequence of that insult, eventually elevated her to the rank of Princess of Benevento.

The following is a pleasing anecdote of George the Second, who could not tolerate clerical buffoonery:—

‘George II., while Electoral Prince of Hanover, had served in the Duke of Marlborough’s army, and had given distinguished proofs of personal courage: but I believe that this was the only military qualification which he possessed. He had neither literature nor taste, but a strong sense of decorum. I will mention a little anecdote as a proof of this. The Duke of Richmond of that day was one of the king’s chief companions. A Doctor of Divinity of the Duke’s acquaintance, eminently learned, had acquired a knack of imitating the caterwaulings of a cat. The Duke had no taste for his friend’s learning; but he took great pleasure in hearing him imitate the cat. He had often talked to the King of this uncommon talent which his friend possessed, and had pressed his Majesty to allow him to place this gentleman behind his chair, one day at dinner, that he might himself judge of his extraordinary power of imitation. The King at last consented; and this learned man was one day placed behind the King’s chair, while he was at dinner. The King was for some time amused with his various imitations; he at last turned round to see the gentleman, when he received a bow from a gentleman full dressed in canonicals. The King was so shocked at the sight, that he could not refrain from saying to the Duke of Richmond, “Do take him away: I cannot bear buffoonery from a man in such a dress.” If this may not be mentioned as a proof of the King’s good taste, it may at least serve to show that he had a strong sense of decorum.’

As every contribution to the history of the period in which we live is of some value, Mr. Nichols’s work, though not yielding much, is deserving of notice.

Letters written during a Tour through Normandy, Brittany, and other parts of France. By Mrs. Charles Stothard.

[Concluded from p. 820.]

ALTHOUGH we are rather sceptical on some points of Mrs. Stothard’s narrative, and think her description of the filthy and miserable state of the Bretons somewhat over-charged, yet they are a people so little known to us, that we shall be justified in quoting a few more passages respecting their costume and general habits:—

‘The Bretons do not resemble in countenance either the Normans or French, nor have they much of the Welsh character. They are a rude, uncivilized, simple people, dirty and idle in their habits. Their costume is, generally, a broad flapped hat, beneath which their hair hangs long and loose; a coat lined with scarlet, and sometimes the upper part of the coat of a dark mulberry colour, and the other lower half or skirts of the same colour, but of a faded tint, this diversity appearing to be entirely the effect of taste or choice, and not that of necessity; a white waistcoat, lined also with scarlet, and a broad belt round the waist, corresponding with the colour of the lining, or sometimes plaided, like a Scotch cloak.

The goat-skin dress is also very commonly worn, particularly in Bas Bretagne. Very few go barefooted; wooden shoes, being generally used by men, women, and children. The women are invariably dressed in the peculiar costume I have described; it differs here and there, but not importantly, in some of the districts. Many of the women of the very poorest kind, wear this dress till it becomes so dirty, patched, tattered, and ragged, that you can scarcely trace what it had originally been; and I have seen several children so wretchedly off for cloathing, that they run about almost in a state of nature. The women who appear tolerably respectable, and are dressed decently in their singular costume, look florid and healthy; while those attired in the ragged garments, bear a squalid and meagre aspect. This arises, I am induced to believe, from the greater dirt and poverty of the latter class.

‘The chesnut abounds in Brittany; there are many large forests composed entirely of that tree: their produce, boiled in milk, supplying a means of subsistence for the poor during the greater part of the year. The people collect the chesnuts in sacks, and pile them up within their cabins; several families are even so needy, that they seldom taste the luxury of bread; but these are amongst the children of wretchedness in the extreme degree. I am informed that, in the neighbourhood of Brest, the lower orders resort to acorns, as well as chesnuts, for food, which have some nutritious quality when boiled in milk. The Breton houses (excepting in the towns) are generally built of mud, without order or convenience. It is, absolutely, a common thing, in Brittany, for men, women, children, and animals, all to sleep together in the same apartment, upon no other resting place than that of the substantial earth, covered with some straw. We once saw, near Josselin, a man drive into his cabin a cow and a horse, followed by a pig, and afterwards entering himself, he shut to the door.

‘I can confidently aver, from my own observation of the Welsh and the Bretons, that the latter are by no means so civilized, so industrious, so rich, or well being, and are, in all respects, inferior to the Welsh. Indeed, they do not appear as if springing from the same origin, and are but one degree above nature in an almost savage state; while their dirty habits, (too filthy to bear description,) and their wretched manner of living, sink them, in a great measure, below the rank of human beings. The Bretons have no bards, no poetic legends, no traditions, like the Welsh, which, however wild or improbable, display the genius and imagination of that simple and venerable people.’

Mrs. Stothard visited some of the convents in Brittany, and, from one of the nuns, learned the melancholy history of a young lady, living in a convent near Vannes, who was called a saint elect:—

‘She was the daughter of a noble family, who consented to give her in marriage to a young gentleman greatly attached to her. A short time before the appointed nuptials her father died, and her mother survived his decease but a few days. The young lady considering this a warning from heaven, that her marriage was adverse to the will of God, became melancholy, and believing herself a chosen spouse of Christ, determined upon taking the veil. Her lover, disappointed in all his hopes, declared, that if the lady became a nun, he would not survive her loss. She persisted in her design, notwithstanding her own affection and his melancholy state of mind, and the unfortunate man, in a fit of despondency, put a period to his existence. The nun, far from feeling any regret on the subject, gloried in having resigned all her hopes, by devoting herself to God, and at present bears the reputation of a saint, from wearing the hair shirt, to fret her skin, and practising every kind of austerity.

‘The Abbess very freely permitted Mr. S—— to converse with any of the *old* or *superannuated* nuns, but the good lady was too cautious to extend this kind privilege to the younger sisters, or to the novices, fearing, I imagine, that the very sight of a young man might make them dream of the world again; a caution they would willingly have dispensed with, as they

did not fail gratifying their curiosity by taking a peep at him from behind the columns of the cloisters during the time he was employed.

Among the descriptions of the antiquities observed by Mrs. S. in the course of her tour, that of the remains at Carnac is the most interesting, She says—

‘We hired a cabriolet, and left Auray early this morning; besides the driver, a man accompanied us, who walked by the side of the voiture, in order to render his assistance in preventing it from being upset by the large, loose, and broken rocks that strewed the way, and lie in confused heaps about the road. After travelling three leagues through a desolate and wild country, we arrived at a spot about a mile from the sea shore, where this curious Celtic antiquity remains a monument at once of the power and insufficiency of man; for his own stupendous work has long outlived all memory of its founder or its history. Carnac is infinitely more extensive than Stone Henge, but of a ruder formation; the stones are much broken, fallen down, and displaced; they consist of *eleven rows*, of unwrought pieces of rock or stone, merely set up an end in the earth, without any pieces crossing them at top. These stones are of great thickness, but not exceeding nine or twelve feet in height; there may be some few fifteen feet. The rows are placed from fifteen to eighteen paces from each other, extending in length (taking rather a semicircular direction) above half a mile, on unequal ground, and towards one end upon a hilly site. The semicircular direction was probably accidental; as, from their situation, it was not possible to see all the ground at once, in order to range them in a straight line. When the length of these rows is considered, there must have been nearly three hundred stones in each, and there are eleven rows: this will give you some idea of the immensity of the work, and the labour such a construction required. It is said that there are above four thousand stones now remaining. We remarked three *tumuli*,—probably the graves of chiefs; they are formed of large stones placed upon each other, on a raised bed of earth. In some places the irregular line of the work is broken, by the ground having been cleared for fields; in others, stones that have fallen were broken up and carried away for building. More injury has, perhaps, been done to this stupendous Celtic work by the hand of man than by that of time. The place was peculiarly well chosen for obtaining materials to construct such a monument, as the ground, for miles round, is full of rock. We could gain no information from the people, relative to any thing that might have been found; for, in answer to whatever we said to the peasantry, we received replies in the Breton tongue, of which we could only articulately distinguish the word *gaelic*, and this was repeated whenever we accosted them. I have been informed by a priest, but I know not how far it may be correct, that the word *Carnac* signifies literally, in the Breton language, a field of flesh: if this be the true meaning of the word, it would lead one to conjecture that these stones were placed in memory of some great battle, or as memorials in a common cemetery of the dead. The people have a singular custom whenever their cattle are diseased, of coming amongst these stones, to pray to St. Cornelius for their recovery. Such a practice may be a remnant of Pagan superstition continued in Christian times; but I must remark that St. Cornelius is the patron saint of the neighbouring church.

‘I cannot learn that the peasantry of this country have any traditions about Carnac; and I must here observe, that no relations or accounts, given either by the poor or more enlightened people of Brittany, can be relied upon.’

We have not touched on the religious ceremonies noticed by Mrs. S. which are, of course, nearly the same in all Catholic countries; we shall, however, quote one short passage on this subject. Mrs. S. is speaking of Bayeux,

‘I was walking with an English lady, this morning, who resides here, when I observed some priests coming out of a

baker's shop, with the holy water. I asked my companion if she knew what they had been doing there. The lady said, she had no doubt they had been sprinkling. When I enquired the meaning of this ceremony, I found that some of the Roman Catholic clergy practise a system of extortion, peculiar to their church, by going into the shops, and sprinkling the holy water, to give a blessing to the master's trade; for which obliging act, they receive a compensation in money. The priests have many other methods of genteel begging. If you go into a church or cathedral and take a chair, even while the mass is performing, they come up to you, and solicit some trifle in payment of your seat; and, soon after, another priest will present you with a dish, into which you throw whatever money you please. To whom these collected sums are given I do not know; but I dare say they are considered too sacred to be suffered to depart from the church!’

Mrs. Stothard's work, it will be seen, is of an agreeable description, and forms a good sequel to Mr. Turner's Tour in Normandy.

Letters written for the Post and not for the Press. Second Edition. 12mo. London, 1820.

WE are often told in prefaces and introductions to epistolary works, that the letters were written without any intention of being made public, and that nothing but the earnest intreaties of friends, to whose judgment the author deferred, would have induced their publication. The author of the volume before us gives us a similar assurance in the title-page; and we once thought a slight transposition would reconcile us to the title, and that the letters were written for the press and not for the post; but on perusal of the whole, we found that the greatest portion of them were fit for neither the post nor the press, although we have the bookseller's assurance, that they have twice gone through the latter. The letters are extremely dull and insipid, the language meagre, and the few facts that are detailed are very rarely of any interest, although a traveller through Great Britain, Italy, &c. might have been expected to pick up something to reconcile a friend to the expense of postage. As we have no wish to be severe on the author, we conclude with the most interesting letter in the whole volume. The letter is from Lady S. to Lady T., and is dated Naples, October, but in what year this deponent knoweth not. She writes,—

‘I mentioned, my dear daughter, that I got the particulars of a most romantic and interesting history lately, and I only now have found leisure to write them down for you. When in public with the Marchioness of S—, I had seen her frequently address a very pleasing fine young woman, whose name and rank I knew, but nothing more; and she said she wished I should be better acquainted with her before she told me her history. She was reserved, but had a mild sort of quiet melancholy in her manner, that attracted me very much; and you shall now learn the cause. I am not at liberty to give her full name, so you must be satisfied with her being called Rosalie, after her Saint. She was the daughter of one of the first houses in this country, and brought into the world with every advantage, having been educated at home, and under a very aimiable mother, who, unfortunately, died when she was only fifteen. Her father had selected a youth for her partner in life every way worthy of her? and what seldom happens, the young people were allowed to form an attachment before marriage by a considerable degree of intimacy. The young Count's mother was a high violent character, but had not openly opposed this; however, she conducted herself in a manner that showed little partiality to her future daughter. All, however, went on till a few days before the mar-

riage; great and splendid were the preparations, and future happiness appeared within their reach. The young people, as usual, were separated for the last two days: one hardly dare glance at the feelings with which they parted, to meet again in the happiest union; love and hope binding them to all future chances against the completion of their happiness. The evening before the marriage day, Count P.'s mother came to his house, newly prepared for his bride, and said, it had been resolved the marriage should take place on that night, privately, to spare his lovely Rosalie's feelings, as she shrunk from the public solemnity, and that all should be ready, and at an hour she named, he would be called for by the father. Accordingly, every thing was so arranged, and the young man was conducted to church, his carriage following his supposed father-in-law. At the altar, which was dimly lighted stood his mother and the bride, covered with a very thin silver tissue veil; and the ceremony proceeded. The youth, whose thoughts were fixed on his present happiness, and engrossed by the service, distinguished no one, and received his wife in full confidence. Silent she was, but tranquil; and his mother carried her home: all the *cortège* parted; and he followed to his own house, there to unveil the treasure of his heart. He found the saloon illuminated, and his brother and sister, who on some pretence had been kept absent from the ceremony, seemingly waiting in impatience with his mother beside the bride. The doors closed after him, and his mother withdrew the veil, and discovered to him that his wife was a *beautiful idiot*, whose large estates she had long coveted, and had taken this most wicked manner of obtaining for her family. The anguish that followed brought him to the gates of death, and the loss of reason had nearly been the price at which she gained the success of a plan, truly diabolical. His sister, a most amiable creature, soothed him, at last, into submission to his hard fate, after finding no means were left to set him free. Of the mother and idiot I say nothing; he never saw either, I believe, from that hour; public hatred followed both, you may suppose, though one only could be called guilty. Rosalie's fate, I believe, has drawn more tears than any event in real life ever did in Naples. Public proof was brought her father, next morning, of the marriage, but, it was added, the bride being veiled, her name was not known. Enraged, as you may conceive, he carried his daughter (in silence) to his villa, and there, I understand, with more of tenderness than might have been expected from his stern character, unfolded what he deemed the treachery of her lover. The death-blow to all her happiness was such, as her most interesting countenance proves, fifteen years cannot efface; and, for a couple of years life seemed held by a very slender thread. That a young woman should remain unmarried out of a convent, is a thing unknown; and her vast possessions made her father anxiously desire to see her married, before the fatal truth was made known to her, as the sacredness of sorrow had kept aloft all intruders, and her father resolved she should return to the world under the protection of a husband. How this was brought about, may be accounted for by those who know the state of society here. All she desired, when she found her father's will must be obeyed, was a full explanation of her situation to the Marquis —, whom she married.

'Thus, my dear, was this tragedy brought to the most trying scene—the discovery of her lover's innocence, after she herself was another's. The Marquis undertook this; he is a cold character, but to her appeared sincerely attached.

'I have worked my way thus far, my dear daughter, to show you human nature under quite a new light. Rosalie was now only nineteen, when this hardest part of her trial was appointed her: but the effects were quite different from what might have been looked for; the cup of misery appeared to have overflowed, and she received the intelligence as a relief from the bitterness of her former pangs; and, grateful for his faith, she owned it was wisely done to place new duties before her, ere she was acquainted with his share in their mutual mi-

ser: this proved a greatness of mind, which she has never deviated from since.

'Once, and only once, they met in private society, and she requested only her father and husband might be witnesses. With such a woman, what must have been the effect upon all present. She clasped him to her heart, and wept in his arms; then turned to her husband, and said to Count P., "To this generous man we owe this indulgence; kneel with me, and swear it is the last intercourse we shall ever have together."

'You may believe this noble woman's example won him to follow her upright views; and, I am told, at no moment of their lives, during those years, has that vow ever been broken: in public they meet, but the life of each is exemplary. She fills the situation of a wife and mother to perfection, and is rewarded by the respect of her husband and all her society. There is an elevated character in her sorrows and self-command, that attracts my veneration: and, as to him, I do think one of her most severe and secret pangs must be to read in his faded form, and fine dejected countenance, what he has suffered. To me, all the penance that superstition could invent, or romance ever dictated, falls short of this existence: but in all sorrows being *shared*, and virtuous, there must be support; and this, truly, she merits and obtains. In England, much feeling would be given to the husband; but, I suppose, there is not in Naples a man who has better reason to think well of his wife, and he chose the lot for himself, when he could not foresee it was to end so well.

'The idiot and mother both live, no one knows where. Count P. married his sister to a Venetian, and devotes his time to her and her family. Adieu: my blessing ever attend you.'

Narrative of the Operations and Recent Discoveries within the Pyramids, Temples, Tombs, and Excavations in Egypt and Nubia, &c. By G. Belzoni.

(Concluded from our last, p. 824.)

WE now come to the last part of this work, Mrs. Belzoni's 'Trifling Account.' We have already stated that this lady, who, we believe, is an English woman, and who partakes so largely of the spirit and resolution of her husband, accompanied M. Belzoni to Egypt, and in the first journey up the Nile. She afterwards resided at Soubra, on the top of the temple of Osiris, in the isle of Philæ, at Cairo, and other places, until, disdaining to live in 'inglorious ease,' while her husband was seeking a deathless fame by his researches, she prevailed on him to allow her to go to the Holy Land; a journey which she undertook alone, dressed in the habit of the male sex, and armed with a brace of pistols stuck in a belt under her coat. Mrs. Belzoni left Cairo on the 5th of January, 1818, and arrived at Damietta on the 10th, where she was detained two months. She arrived at Jerusalem on the 12th of March, just in time to witness the Catholic ceremony that took place the last three days of passion week, inside of the building that covers the holy sepulchre. She afterwards went to the Jordan, to Nazareth, to Bethlehem, 'to St. Giovanni, and to the desert where he preached, and to the valley where David killed Goliath.' With much difficulty and by stealth, Mrs. B. got into the temple, accompanied by a Christian resident, but being unacquainted with the language, she could ascertain very few particulars respecting it.

This journey is only interesting from the circumstances under which it was prosecuted, for there is scarcely a single incident or description worthy of notice. Of the Christians resident in the Holy Land, we are told that,—

'The domestic comfort of the Christian women I had the opportunity of mixing with in Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and Na-

zareth, was much greater, and they were much more respected by their husbands, than any I had seen since I left England; for the state of the Christian women and natives of Egypt is not better than the Mahometans. During a few months' residence in the Holy Land, particularly in Jerusalem, I used to go among them every day. In their houses they were particularly neat and clean; though they had neither chairs nor tables, yet, according to their customs, they were very proud to furnish their little place; such as having mattresses with good coverings, and quilts of printed cotton, which are things of some consideration in Syria, besides a handsome set of coffee-cups, and pictures on the walls; they are fond of ornaments in their houses, but every thing for use and comfort. The women in the quarters were the wives of the carpenters and scrivans employed in the temples, so that I used to see all their customs. They used to wash their clothes on Friday and Saturday, and mend and fold them up with the greatest neatness, and clean up all the house for the Sunday, which they passed in the most comfortable and amicable way; they had only to prepare their little dinner; husband and wife, father and mother, and children, always eat together, and sometimes invite a few friends to dine with them on a Sunday, or go and take a walk. The best part of the women I knew were very pretty, and some would even in England have been accounted beautiful. I knew one young married woman: according to my idea of female beauty, she was very fair, without that sickly fairness which is so often seen in the east; I have seen no face to please me so much in any place I have been in since; something so extremely expressive in her countenance; large, full, light blue eyes, with an engaging simplicity seldom to be met with in those countries. In general, their eyes are black, and, when expressive of modesty, are very pleasing; but then there are some that disgust you by too bold or forward a look, or extreme stupidity. I visited a family belonging to a Christian merchant—I do not mean merchants like ours; but, however, he was very well off; his house had every domestic comfort, and was provided even with what are considered luxuries, and would, in England, be thought so too. I took a lady, then in Jerusalem, to see this family. In Bethlehem, the Turks are absolutely afraid of the Christians. I one day went to see the wife and family of the drogueman. A poor Mahometan woman came in; I was astonished to see her humility. The Christian women treated her like a slave. The Christians had massacred a great number of Turks about 50 years ago, and this woman was one belonging to some that had been murdered. By what I saw, the Christian women in those places are much superior to any others, both in regard to their household concerns, and the consideration they are treated with. In Egypt, the Christians seldom eat with their wives.

On her return to Cairo, not finding her husband, Mrs. Belzoni made a third voyage to Thebes, where she met with him. Mrs. B. collected a large number of cameleons; and, as very little is known respecting this singular animal, we quote her description of them:—

'In the first place, they are very inveterate towards their own kind, and must not be shut up together, for they bite each others tails and legs off. There are three species of cameleons, whose colours are peculiar to themselves; for instance, the commonest sort are those which are generally green, that is to say, the body all green, and when content, beautifully marked on each side regularly on the green with black and yellow, not in a confused manner, but as if drawn. This kind is in great plenty, and never have any other colour, except a light green when they sleep, and when ill, a very pale yellow. Out of near forty I had the first year, when in Nubia, I had but one, and that a very small one, of the second sort, which had red marks. One camoleon lived with me eight months, and most of that time I had it fixed to the button of my coat; it used to rest on my shoulder or on my head. I have observed, when I have kept it shut up in a

room for some time, that on bringing it out in the air, it would begin drawing the air in, and on putting it on some marjorum, it has had a wonderful effect on it immediately; its colour became most brilliant. I believe it will puzzle a good many to say what cause it proceeds from. If they did not change when shut up in a house, but only on taking them in a garden, it might be supposed the change of the colours was in consequence of the smell of the plants; but when in a house, if it is watched, it will change every ten minutes; some moments a plain green, at others all its beautiful colours will come out, and when in a passion it becomes of a deep black, and will swell itself up like a balloon, and, from being one of the most beautiful animals, it becomes one of the most ugly. It is true they are extremely fond of the fresh air, and on taking them to a window where there is nothing to be seen, it is easy to observe the pleasure they certainly take in it; they begin to gulp down the air, and their colour becomes brighter. I think it proceeds in a great degree from the temper they are in; a little thing will put them in a bad humour: if in crossing a table, for instance, you stop them, and attempt to turn them another road, they will not stir, and are extremely obstinate; on opening the mouth at them it will set them in a passion; they begin to arm themselves by swelling and turning black, and will sometimes hiss a little, but not much. The third I brought from Jerusalem was the most singular of all I ever had: its temper, if it can be so called, was extremely sagacious and cunning. This one was not of the order of the green kind, but a disagreeable drab, and it never once varied in its colour in two months. On my arrival in Cairo, I used to let it crawl about the room, on the furniture. Sometimes it would get down, if it could, and hide itself away from me. me, but in a place where it could see me; and sometimes, on my leaving the room and on entering, it would draw itself so thin as to make itself nearly on a level with whatever it might be on, so that I might not see it. It had often deceived me so. One day, having missed it for some time, I concluded it was hid about the room; after looking for it in vain, I thought it had got out of the room, and made its escape; in the course of the evening, after the candle was lighted, I went to a basket that had got a handle across it; I saw my camoleon, but its colour entirely changed, and different to any I ever had seen before: the whole body, head and tail, a brown with black spots, and beautiful deep orange-coloured spots round the black. I certainly was much gratified: on being disturbed, its colours vanished, unlike the others; but after this, I used to observe it the first thing in the morning, when it would have the same colours. Some time after, it made its escape out of my room, and, I suppose, got into a garden close by. I was much vexed, and would have given 20 dollars to have recovered it again, though it only cost me threepence, knowing I could not get another like it; for afterwards, being in Rosetta, I had between 50 and 60; but all those were green, yellow, and black; and the Arabs, in catching them, had bruised them so much, that after a month or six weeks they died. It is an animal extremely hard to die. I had prepared two cages, with separate divisions, with the intention of bringing them to England; but though I desired the Arabs that used to get them for me to catch them by the tail, they used to hurt them much with their hands; and if once the body is squeezed, it will never live longer than two months. When they used to sleep at night, it was easy to see where they had been bruised; for being of a very light colour when sleeping, the part that had been bruised, either on the body or the head, which was bone, was extremely black, though when green it would not show itself so clear. Their chief food was flies: the fly does not die immediately on being swallowed, for, upon taking the camoleon up in my hands, it was easy to feel the fly buzzing, chiefly on account of the air they draw in their inside; they swell much, and particularly when they want to fling themselves off a great height, by filling themselves up like a balloon. On falling, they get no hurt, except on the mouth, which they bruise a little, as that comes first to the ground. Sometimes they will not drink for three or four

days, and when they begin they are about half an hour drinking. I have held a glass in one hand while the cameleon rested its two fore paws on the edge of it, the two hind ones resting on my other hand. It stood upright while drinking, holding its head up like a fowl. By flinging its tongue out of its mouth, the length of its body, and instantaneously catching the fly, it would go back like a spring. They will drink mutton broth: how I came to know this, was one day having a plate of broth and rice on the table where it was; it went to the plate and got half into it, and began drinking, and trying to take up some of the rice, by pushing it with its mouth towards the side of the plate, which kept it from moving, and in a very awkward way taking it in its mouth.

When in Italy, a gentleman, a professor of natural history, had two sent him from the coast of Barbary, but they did not live long; he dissected them, and his idea on the change of colour is, that he found they had four skins extremely fine, which occasioned the different colours. He means to publish his opinion soon. It may be so, but of this I am positively certain, whatever it may proceed from, they have their different colours peculiar, distinct, and independent of each other and of themselves. I could make many more remarks, but wanting capacity to explain them, I thus finish my little description of these animals.

We have now closed our lengthened notice of this interesting work. Both the narrative of M. Belzoni and that of his lady are marked by a good deal of naïveté. There is, perhaps, rather too much egotism, and too evident a disposition to undervalue the labours of others; but this is, in some degree, excusable in a person like Belzoni, who, without money and with limited resources, has achieved so much. There is an accompanying volume to this work, consisting of 44 coloured plates, representing the principal antiquities discovered by M. Belzoni.

The Dejeuné; or Companion for the Breakfast Table.
Vol. I. 8vo. pp. 392. London, 1820.

FULLY convinced that the cause of literature, as well as those of science and the arts, will be benefitted by an honourable rivalry and competition, we never feel any of those jealousies which are supposed to actuate the editors of periodical prints at seeing a new candidate in the field.

The Dejeuné commenced as a diurnal print, but whether this mode of publication was too rapid for the editor or for his readers, we know not, but it has since been reduced to three times a-week. It consists of a series of essays of various degrees of merit, many of which possess sufficient interest to recommend the paper to the favourable notice of the public.

Original Communications.

CLERICAL DANCING.

[The insertion of our Essex correspondent's letter on *Clerical Dancing* in our last number has called the attention of our readers to the subject, and our letter-box has been literally filled with replies, remonstrances, and defences. From this ample budget we have selected three, as appearing to us to possess the most merit, and to place the subject in the most satisfactory light.—Ed.]

Defence of Clerical Dancing.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—As I have the honour to be one of that profession to which your correspondent* appears to belong, I will

* See *Literary Chronicle*, p. 827.

trouble you with a few observations, which may serve to encourage him in the use of dancing. First, dancing, as an amusement, to those who are not materially afflicted with lameness, is extremely beneficial when pursued with propriety. Beneficial, because it gives the blood that free circulation which removes obstructions in the system and raises the animal spirits to the tone of cheerfulness, and hence the constitution is invigorated. Whether a clergyman or not, I think that health is the primary consideration for every man to preserve; that is, it is every man's duty to seek for those relaxations which are seasonable, after his mind has been engaged with sedentary occupations; and as study is the closet guest of a clergyman, so he necessarily requires not only a change of scene but also a change of exercise. Why do so many ecclesiastics fly to the field? They take out a licence, and then are permitted to kill as much game as they please. This is sanctioned by the law of the land. Why is a fish-pond preserved for the amusement of bishops and other noble dignitaries? A man may be transported for snaring a hare, or catching a fish in forbidden or subscription water. And this is also sanctioned by the law of the land! Whether these practices are sinful or not, there can be but one opinion: however, they have licence, and this is, at least, security. Now, sir, how can dancing be called a sinful practice? It neither wastes powder nor disobeys the laws. Must a clergyman totally exclude himself from society? No, you say. Well, then,—must he exclude himself from female society?—I trust and pray not. Dancing was much used in ancient days, and in the Bible it is mentioned particularly, although it does not directly state that priests danced. The festivities, and religious one's too, of the Grecians are well known; nor did the Romans less imitate them, as is stated in Virgil and other poetical writers. It is true, if the modern clergy be divided (as I believe they are) into two classes, then there is an admission for two opinions. The established church now admits of Evangelical or Methodist clergymen, and clergymen who are more liberal both in their preaching and practice. The latter certainly do not condemn dancing more than they condemn cards, theatres, or concerts. It is allowed that all amusements carried to excess are reprehensible and even dangerous, but I do not think there is room for any reprehension in taking the hand of a lovely woman to keep time—

‘On the light fantastic toe,’

to a violin, even though its notes should convey the tune of ‘Lady Charlotte’s Fancy;’—nor do I apprehend any danger can arise from a clergyman’s associating himself with females of that class in which he ought to be found. Beauty is fascinating. May it never be otherwise! Music is charming. May it ever be so! But shall virtuous beauty, or innocent music, be the seducers of those men who are appointed to improve the morals of society?—‘who are men subject to like passions’ as the laity? God forbid. If a clergyman is drawn aside by the temptations of over-wrought pleasure, then he is no more fit for the duties of his office, and his parishioners appreciate his life accordingly. Puritans would bury all the enjoyments of youth, society, and recreation, at their feet, and after having done so, would weep over the grave which contained them, simply because they produce rosy faces, laughing lips, and merry tears. But because Puritans chuse to live in this gloomy valley, it does not infer that all are to be condemned for disagreeing with their

opinion, or rather dogma. Again, as the Scriptures are made the rule for a clergyman's conduct, so they do not condemn dancing, but, as I have before hinted, give many instances of festive harmony and the right use of the limbs.

As to foppery, it is not uncommon for an *exquisite* clergyman to be found in the ball-room; this may be inconsistent as it regards his dress and folly, but it does not afford argument for another who is not so, to absent himself altogether. Wisdom gives its operative enjoyment to the discreet man as Folly gives its influence to the fool. I am not ashamed to own that I dance frequently in this neighbourhood, and so do many, very many D. D.'s and M. A.'s; though some of the opinionated sectarists transpose our honorary distinctions by saying we are M. A. D. or D. A. M. D. But I have so imperfectly and hastily written for your distressed correspondent, that I trust some better pen will advocate our privilege, for the postman is *dancing* into my cloister for letters, and I subscribe myself,

Eton, Dec. 26, 1820.

Sir, your constant reader,
CANTAB.

A Remonstrance to 'Clerical Dancing.'

MR. EDITOR,—You have given ear to a Rev. P——, of Essex, about dancing, and I was surprised that he should libel the fair sex, one of which I have the pleasure to be. I love dancing to my very soul, and I do think, if ma'am was to refuse my attending dances, I should either elope with the major, or sink in the fish-pond. I'm sure, Mr. Editor, your advocate must be some strange queer old frump or other, who has no taste for the graces of nature and the charms of time:—he, indeed, to say that 'dancing is quite the *rage* with the fair sex, and he cannot please them without joining in the refined and accomplished pleasure.' A pretty fellow, truly! have none of his college books informed him 'that females are won by sprightly devotions?'—Is he a Catholic, by the by?—He seems to advocate celibacy.—His language savours that of a Benedict monastic. But, Mr. Editor, however strange it may appear to you of a woman writing thus, consider I have not quite finished my education, and as dancing is the prelude to the altar, so you will over-rule my apparent officiousness, and insert my letter, not for the moral which it conveys, so much as to rebuke one of that class to which women are so partial, because, generally, clergymen can make themselves so instructive and yet so agreeable.

I remain, Mr. Editor, your's,

Dec. 23, 1820.

ELLEN.

Against Clerical Dancing.

SIR,—Can any thing be more sensitive than for your Essex divine to expect the public will countenance *clerical dancing*? Are posture masters then to descend from the pulpit to show off their vanity in a gay assembly-room, where Satan steps in *à la masquerade* and hands his votaries about at will? Let me tell your correspondent that ministers, who are ordained to preach to their fellow-creatures for the good of their souls, are quite out of their element in large parties, and especially to tread the elastic boards like mountebanks with a few giddy giggling girls and amorous captains, loitering about the town on half pay. My poor dear husband caught his death at a dancing party, and he was a divine, and I aver it was a judgment upon him; for, though twenty years ago, alas!

I well remember the event, I being out with a *quadrille*, and I lost the *game* through it. Let him read 'Holbein's Dance of Death,' 'Quarle's Emblems,' 'Pilgrim's Progress to "Vanity Fair,"' and the 'Whole Duty of Man,' and study good works,—it will be much to his advantage. Though I am an old woman, I know the value of a precious discourse, and I never heard a saving faith come from a dancing parson, which accounts for my good man never having delivered any thing to come home to the soul of a miserable sinner. To be sure, Sir, I am a *cripple* and a little *deformed*, and have, what is called by some, a *cloven-foot*, and this may account for my not being mightily partial to trip-a-trip fashions.

If your clerical young gentleman will forward his address to you, Sir, I will hand him an old scarce book, that was my late poor dear husband's, called '*Stilts for Hobblers*;' and this will cure his passion for dancing, or it much deceives the mind of,

Sir,

Your humble servant,
Holloway, Dec. 25, 1820.

M. P.

Biography.

PEARCE, THE ABYSSINIAN TRAVELLER.

[The following particulars respecting the death of Mr. Nathaniel Pearce, whose Travels in Abyssinia we reviewed in the 65th number of the *Literary Chronicle*, are copied from a country paper. The editor stated that he received the account from a respectable mercantile house, Messrs. Bingham, Richards, and Co., to whom Pearce's valuable collection of curiosities has been consigned for sale.—Ed.]

FOR the last year and a half since his return from Abyssinia, he had been residing in the Consulate House, Cairo, when, being anxious to return to his native country, Mr. Salt, under whose protection he had lived for some years, provided him with the necessary funds, assisted by a generous friend, for the voyage.

At the latter end of May, having taken charge of many valuable antiquities for the British Museum, and other interesting articles for Sir Joseph Banks; Earls Mountnorris and Belmore; Mr. Banks, and Mr. Hamilton, he proceeded to Alexandria, where he embarked; but the vessel being detained some time for want of a cargo, and the N. W. winds having set in, he was advised by his friends, with a view to lessen his expenses, to return on shore and wait for a vessel belonging to the house of Briggs and Co. which was expected to sail in September, direct for England.—This arrangement, intended for his benefit, proved most unfortunate—he landed and shortly afterwards was seized with a bilious fever, which, notwithstanding the best medical aid the place would afford, brought him to his end. He died on the 12th of August, in the morning.

He had, during his illness, expressed a most anxious desire to see Mr. Salt, when, as he said repeatedly, 'he should die content.' This satisfaction, by a fortunate coincidence, he obtained, Mr. Salt having arrived at Alexandria on the 10th, just in time to receive his dying farewell, and to pay him those last attentions to which the important services he had rendered Mr. Salt, in Abyssinia, and a long and faithful attachment had given him such a just title.

He was buried in the evening within the precincts of the Greek convent, and his funeral was attended by Mr. Salt, Mr. Lee, British Consul in Alexandria, Mr. Hen-

derson, of the East India Medical Establishment, and other respectable persons, his body being carried to the grave by six English sailors, which, from his love to the navy, in which he had served, he had always anxiously desired.

About twelve days previous to his decease, he made a will, and has left all his papers, which are very valuable, to the entire disposal of Mr. Salt, with permission to publish them, remarking in his will that it was for him that the facts were chiefly collected.

Thus has another victim been added to the melancholy list of those who have fallen in the cause of African research.

Mr. Pearce was born of respectable parents, at East Acton, and had attained the age of forty.

His natural talents were great, and in the strangely diversified career of his life, he had acquired an extraordinary fund of general information. In writing, he describes what he had seen with precision, and leads his reader to fancy the scene before his eyes. He has left a brother and sister who loved him, and are anxiously awaiting his arrival at home. They will long cherish his memory, and it will for ever be held in respect by all those who knew his sterling worth, and who admire an honest heart, joined to a true English spirit.—*Alexandria, 20th Aug. 1820.*

Original Poetry.

RED RED ROSE.

A CAMBRIAN MELODY.

RED red rose that sweetly blows,
If from thy bed I bear thee far,
'Tis but that thou thy folds may close
On Eva's breast, where lilies are,
Sweet rose.

Red red rose, if I do bear
Thee hence, 'tis that thy crimson fold,
By blending with her yellow hair,
May gather beauty from its gold,
Sweet rose.

Red red rose, when thou shalt fade,
How sweet thy death, fair flower, will be,
Upon the breast of that fair maid,
In sooth, my bosom envies thee,
Sweet rose.

SAM SPRITSAIL.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

'The saddest birds a season find to sing.'

THUS far in mutual friendship, closing year!
Thou and my spirit travel well; but, like
The sacred heart-strings, happy meetings draw;
And kindred feelings, by affection breath'd,
Sever and part anon in love; so comes
Our last adieu! and we must part, alas,
For ever! 'Tis the register of years
Roll'd back,—another added to the page
Of God's inscrutable decrees,—a volume
Of the vast tracks of nature, on whose lines
Beauty, sublimity, perfection, taste,
Love, harmony, skill, life, experience, art,
Death, and eternity are read. Just like
A flake of virgin snow is magnified
By its volition 'twixt the sky and earth,
Ere the sun warm and lift Spring's eyelashes,
And melt the heart of Winter, years increase

But vanish from mortality; the mind
Can only catch the past by memory,—can
But comprehend as conscience or approves
Or strikes convictions terrible and strong
In that deep vortex where the heart resides.
Where are the Gideonites? where are their foes?
Their victors where? Are they like shadows past?
Where are the Assyrian hosts, the Grecian bands?
The Roman heroes, senates, people, pomp,
Their boast of freedom,—shout of glory? All
Are crumbled into dust! The cradle sweetly dawns
With innocence and gladness,—pleasure beams
From th' upper realms applauding it,—the bells
Ring round their sounds and seem to turn to hear,
Like music's daughters, their soft sounds again.
The surpliced priest shakes drops of water over
The nameless flower and names it; benediction's
Melodious whispers kiss the deed to bliss,
And cherubs ratify the holy choice.
The matrimonial knot ties unity
Or discord: children, like fresh buds, appear
On life's young trees;—they blossom, but they die
To live eternally in spirit. Care,
'That busy sprite, who claims relationship
With rich and poor; who struts in masquerade
Thro' palaces; who leans on down, and shrinks
With fearful pride within a diadem;—
That tender pulse which flutters in the heart
Of timorous folly, yet will not escape
Its prison. Care, who never sleeps where vice
Requires its nurseless will; who never walks
Abroad without a guest, or sits beside
A gushing fountain wreathed with summer flowers
Of sunny garniture, alone; who courts
Friendship with all but wise men; sits by graves;
At banquets sighs; at murders groans; at deaths
Dies not; from silence flies; in laughter weeps;
To chambers steal; on misers' pillows presses;
Opens the coffin-lid and man screws down
Breathless in darkness, still and cold and dead!
But Care may yet be shunn'd:
A wise discrimination may discern
His object, and prorogue his visit. Hope,
Content, and virtue, gladness, faith, and truth
United, sweetly will perpetuate
Improving knowledge, guardians-like, throughout
Peril and desert to the end of years,
And time shall have no charm to solace love.

December, 1820.

J. R. P.

The Drama,

WE suspect we ought to say the Pantomimes, for these are the only popular amusement during the Christmas holidays; and we are sorry to say that, in the present season, they are generally undeserving of popularity. Although it is long since we have had to boast of a good new tragedy or comedy, yet while nursery stories abounded, and good scene painters and ingenious carpenters continued plentiful, with Grimaldi and Bologna still living, we did hope, once a-year at least, to have had a good pantomime. But no! pantomime writers and machinists have become tainted with the languor that pervades the interior of our theatres, and pantomimes are nearly as dull and tedious as modern comedies and farces, which are a sure antidote to mirth and laughter. Disappointed, however, as we have been in holiday amusement, we must proceed to give our readers a faithful account of the productions of this fertile week; and, first, of—

DRURY LANE.—On Tuesday evening, the tragedy of

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Jane Shore was performed at this theatre, but, like all tragedies during the holidays, was rendered perfectly unintelligible by the gods, who were impatient for the pantomime. We regretted that it was revived on this night, as, when the house was tolerably quiet, Cooper in Lord Hastings, and Mrs. West in *Jane Shore*, proved with how much propriety these characters had been assigned them. Mr. Wallack, (the Duke of Gloster,) as if conscious of the quality of one part of his audience, disdained all effort, and was as tame and insipid as possible.

After the play, 'a new grand comic pantomime,' as the play-bills term it, called *The North West Passage, or Harlequin Esquimaux*, was produced. The early scenes, exhibiting representations of the Frozen Sea and Icebergs,—the discovery ships,—the Aurora Borealis,—the Red Snow,—and the Prince Regent's Straits,—gave a lively picture of these grand but desolate regions, and were creditable to the artists. Some of the icebergs were rather too slender, reminding us rather of Pompey's Pillar than of the Pyramids. The personages and dialogues were here also appropriate, for the Genius of the North holds a dialogue with Neptune upon the daring spirit of the British sailor, and threatens to put a boundary to his enterprise, from which, however, he is dissuaded by the attachment of Neptune to his most favoured children, who promises his protection in their perils and encouragement in their progress. The plot of the pantomime is simple: a young Esquimaux (Harlequin) is enamoured of an Esquimaux girl (Columbine); but the Genius of the North admires the fair lady, and converts her for the present into an iceberg, in order to prevent the union of the lovers. Neptune, who had invited the Genius of the North to dine with him on dolphins and porpoises, and all the delicacies of the deep, counteracts the designs of this genius, and protects the lovers. The Genius is converted into Pantaloon and Boreas into the Clown. The action of the pantomime then commences, and the scene is transferred to London, where it continues the whole of the evening, with the exception of a trip to Margate by the steam packet. The scenes were not well selected subjects, nor any way remarkable for their execution. The tricks, with the exception of two or three, were neither new nor well managed. The best were the change of a shop into an elegant bridge, and of a tallow chandler's row of candles into a ladder, by which Harlequin scaled the first floor windows. Some allowance ought to be made for a first night, when the machinery of a pantomime is very rarely well managed, but we fear the present piece has not sufficient merit to render it popular. Bologna and Miss Tree, in Harlequin and Columbine, exerted themselves very much; but Elliot and Southby, as Pantaloon and Clown, are the very worst of their species. The overture and music, which were composed and selected by Mr. Horn, are appropriate.

COVENT GARDEN.—After the tragedy of *Wallace* had been gone through on Tuesday night, a new pantomime called *Harlequin and Friar Bacon, or the Brazen Head*, was produced. It is not the first time that the legendary history of the first English philosopher has been rendered the subject of rude mirth in pantomime.—Our limits will not permit a detail of the plot. The tricks were neither new nor well selected, but the scenery was entitled to unqualified praise. Grimaldi exerted himself with his wonted success; the dagger scene in *Macbeth*, which he gave in dumb show, was much applauded. Young Grimaldi was

a good dandy, Miss E. Dennett an excellent columbine, and Ellar no less successful as harlequin. A numerous and noisy audience attested their approbation, and the pantomime was announced for repetition every evening.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—This elegant theatre opened on Tuesday night, with a series of novel entertainments, under the title of *Soirées Amusantes*. The first part called *Outside and Inside*, represented a stage-coach, behind a canvas, as drawn on a transparency, with the preparation of setting off from Golden Cross. All was well until the vehicle should begin to move, when it unfortunately stood still in spite of the coachman's whip. The audience understood that the machinery had failed, and expressed a partial disapprobation. To this succeeded a trial, or cause heard before the magistrates of Tiddington—Footlight, the Manager of the Theatre Rural *versus* Punch's Puppet Show. A succession of glees and songs followed, by Messrs. Broadhurst, J. Smith, Goulden, Phillips, Higman, Miss I. Stevenson, and Miss George. After which, a sort of *Lecture on Living Heads*, in which the celebrated Dr. Faustus visits London, and is introduced by his familiar Mephostopholis into a laboratory at midnight, where appear, in various large bottles, the heads of Lady Midnight, Don Giovanni, and several other ludicrous characters, one of which, as a manager of a theatre, gave some good imitations of Fawcett and Farren, Blanchard and Emery, &c. One of the characters, that of Mr. Barrenbench, the manager of a theatre, was very amusing, and drawn with some happy strokes of satire. The third part under the title of *Living Drollery*, introduced a petite piece in verse, called *Guy Fawkes*, in which the characters were sustained by children with much effect. The entertainments were favourably received by a full house, and will, we doubt not, continue until the 'more attractive metal' of Mathews succeeds them in March next.

SURREY THEATRE.—Mr. Dibdin is the only manager who dared to commence the Christmas holidays without a pantomime, but he knew his own powers, and the favourable opinion of his audience, too well to doubt of furnishing them with entertainments equally attractive. The theatre opened on Tuesday night, with three new pieces. The first, a comic burletta, in one act, entitled *Every Body's Cousin*, afforded Fitzwilliam, Watkinson, Wyat, and Miss Poole, a good opportunity of displaying their respective talents to the infinite amusement of the audience. A splendid historical drama in three acts succeeded. It is entitled, *Belisarius, the Roman General*. This piece, whether considered as to its dramatic merit,—the excellence of the performance,—the splendour of the dresses,—or the beauty of the scenery, deserves to be placed in the first rank of favourite pieces at this favourite theatre. Huntley, as Belisarius; Miss Taylor, as his daughter; and Miss Norton, as an Amazonian Queen, were eminently successful. A Mr. Chapman sustained the character of Tiberius. His action is very good, and in several of the scenes he was very effective. We cannot say the same of a Mr. Young, who played Justinus, and possesses very slender qualifications for the stage. The whole concluded with a superb comic Anglo-Barbaric, Hibernian, Caledonian, Turkish, &c. &c. &c. spectacle, called, *Beauty and the Bey, or Sidi Hamet Muley Ben Ismael and Peggy Larkins*. When we say that Wyat was the Bey, Miss Copeland—Peggy Larkins, and Fitzwilliam an Irishman in Turkish costume, we need do no more to describe the character of the piece. It is a most lively

and bustling entertainment, in which much real humour and several very ludicrous incidents are exhibited. The whole of these pieces have been got up in a very splendid manner, and elicited the most rapturous applause of a house crowded to the ceiling.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—In addition to the numerous lively pieces produced at this house during the present season, a new pantomime was furnished on Tuesday evening, founded on a more attractive subject, perhaps, than those of the larger houses. That amusing work, Dr. Syntax's Tour in Search of the Picturesque, has been converted into a pantomime with great effect. The scenery was very fine, particularly one scene, which represented the word 'picturesque'; the tricks were good, and the whole went off to the satisfaction of an overflowing house.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—This well-conducted little theatre produced a pantomime, entitled *Tom the Piper's Son*. The introductory part is written with considerable humour: the Harlequin, Clown, and Pantaloon, were admirably sustained, and the tricks and scenery, considering the smallness of the house, which renders every defect manifest, very tolerable.

EAST LONDON THEATRE.—*The Enchanted Oak, or Harlequin Plough-boy*, a pantomime, has been got up at this theatre, with considerable skill, and as it met with the warm approbation of the *Wise Men of the East*, any further praise from us would be superfluous.

COBURG THEATRE.—This house, which is never behind its neighbours in spectacle, produced two new pieces on Tuesday; a melodrama called, *The Exiled Minister*, and a pantomime entitled, *The Six Voyages of Sinbad the Sailor*, the whole of which are performed every evening. Both the pieces were favourably received by a crowded audience.

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

North-West Passage.—The following extract from a work, published in 1793, entitled 'Observations on a North-Western Passage, by William Goldson, Esq. of Portsmouth,' states that the passage from Lancaster's Sound to the Pacific Ocean has been made. The authority is, however, more than questionable.—'A voyage is said to have been made in the year 1593. The only account we have of it is from a Memoir read at a meeting of the Academy of Sciences, at Paris, Nov. 13, 1720, by M. Buachi, geographer to the French King. The substance of this memoir is, that M. de Mendoza, a captain in the Spanish navy, employed to form a collection for the use of that service, having searched various archives, found an account of this voyage, which was made under the command of Lorenzo Ferrer de Maldonado. From an inspection of this journal, it appears, that when he arrived in latitude 60 degrees north, and longitude 325 degrees east from Ferro, he steered to the westward, leaving Hudson's Bay to the south, and Baffin's Bay to the north: and in the latitude 65 degrees north, and longitude 297 degrees east from Ferro (from which meridian the longitude is reckoned through the whole journal) he altered his course to the northward, sailing through what he calls the Straits of Labrador, until he found himself in latitude 76 degrees north, and longitude 273 east, in the Frozen

Ocean; he then held his course south-west, and passed through the strait which separates Asia from America. In latitude 60 degrees north, and longitude 255 east, he entered the South Sea, naming the strait through which he had passed Anian, but which M. Buachi would have called Ferrer's Straits, in memory of its discoverer.'

Mummies.—Some Arabs, who were digging near Gour-nau, in Thebes, during the month of September last, discovered a tomb, containing 12 cases of mummies. On one of them was the following inscription in Greek:—'The tomb of Tphon, son of Heraclius Soter and Sanaposis. He was born on the second day of Athur, on the fifth year of Adrian, our Lord. He died on the 20th of the month Mechier, the 11th year of the same (lord) at the age of six years, two months, and twenty days.' As Adrian commenced his reign in the 117th year of the Christian era, the inscription is 1691 years old.

The Bee.

*Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta!*

LUCRETIVS.

'Shaftesbury,' said King Charles the Second to his Chancellor, 'thou art certainly the greatest rogue in England.' His lordship replied, 'of a subject, perhaps I am.'

Sir Joseph Williamson, secretary to Charles the Second, sent a mandate to that illustrious lady, Anne, Countess of Pembroke and Montgomery, which required her to return a certain person a member for the Borough of Appleby, in Westmorland. To this letter she returned the following answer:—'I have been bullied by an usurper, I have been neglected by a court, but I will not be dictated to by a subject.'

'Your man shan't stand. Anne, &c.'

George II. used to say of the Duke of Newcastle, that 'he lost half an hour in the morning, and was running after it the whole day.'

A Pun.—A celebrated quack doctor going into a tavern, dressed quite in the extravagance of the *ton*, a gentleman present, thinking him some great man, asked a friend who that person was. Oh! replied the other, 'he is one who lives on a *sinecure*!'

In an advertisement of a theatre in the United States, for the performance of the *Turkish* spectacle, 'Blue Beard,' the first scene is said to be a grand view of the mountains of *Switzerland*.

* * * *The next Volume of The Literary Chronicle will be printed on a Paper uniformly fine with that upon which The Country Literary Chronicle is printed, without any advance in price. The new volume commencing with the new year, will present a favourable opportunity for the entrance of new Subscribers.*

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T. G. will find a letter for him at our office.

The Volume being now completed, Subscribers are requested to make perfect their sets as early as possible.

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